

12¢

No. 17



Master Detective

YOUR CLEVER
SMUGGLING GAME
IS UP! RELEASE THAT
MAN, AND STOP
THE CLOCK!

IT'S
YOUNG KING
COLE! NEVER
MIND HIS TALK...
GET HIM!



PLUS: THE CASE OF THE
POLKA-DOT BANDIT

And: **DR. DREW... THE
ZOO MAN**



WEB COMIC
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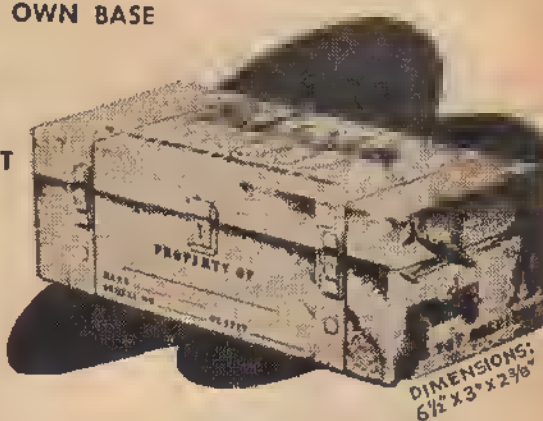


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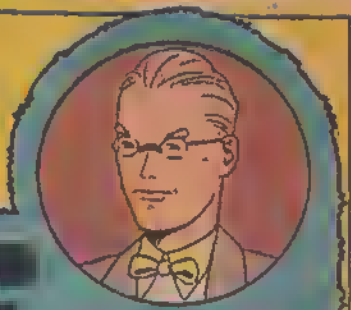
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YOUNG KING COLE



DETECTIVE AGENCY
MASTER MIND



DETECTIVE LANCE MARTIN CALLS AT KING'S OFFICE.

KING, I BIT OFF MORE THAN I CAN CHEW ON THIS SMUGGLING RACKET. I WANT YOUR HELP.

HOW CAN I REFUSE SUCH AN ILLUSTRIOUS COMPETITOR, LANCE?

IRIS..WHIP...THIS IS THE FAMOUS PRIVATE EYE, LANCE MARTIN. HE WANTS US TO HELP HIM CRACK DOWN ON THE SMUGGLING RING BRINGING STOLEN JEWELS FROM EUROPE.

HOW EXCITING! HOW DO THE SMUGGLERS GET THE JEWELS THROUGH THE CUSTOMS, MR. MARTIN?

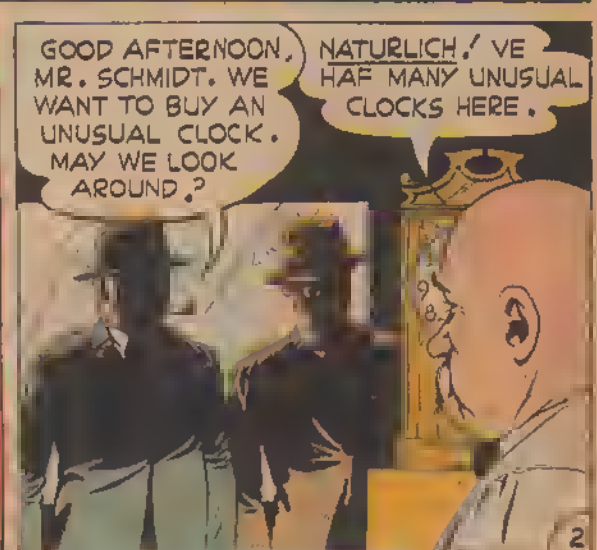
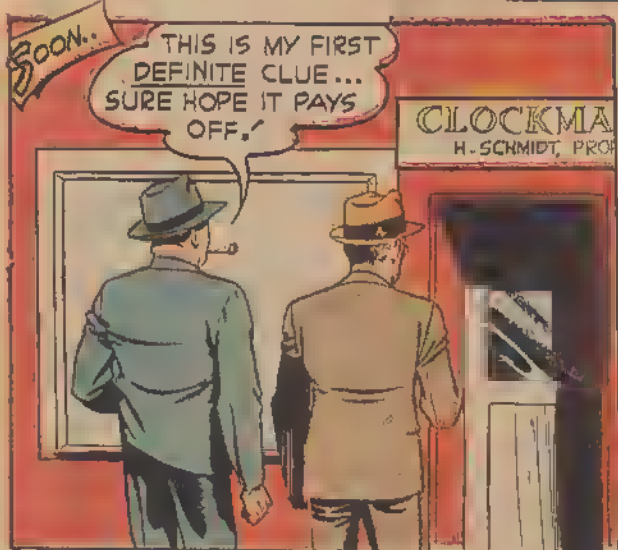
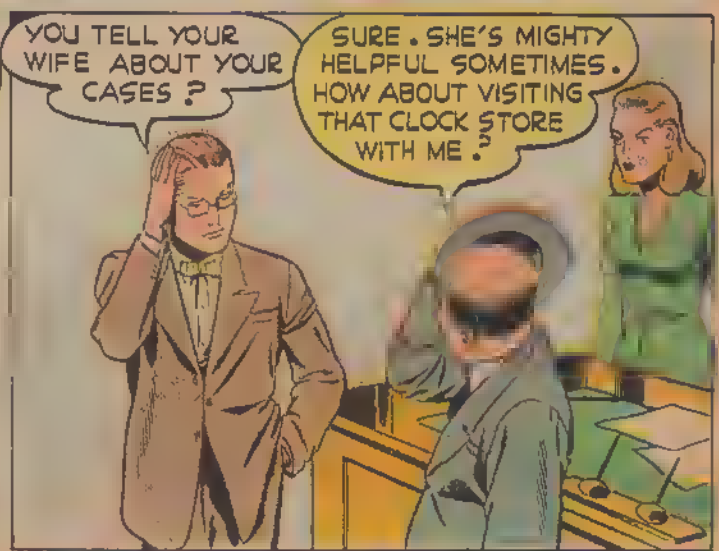
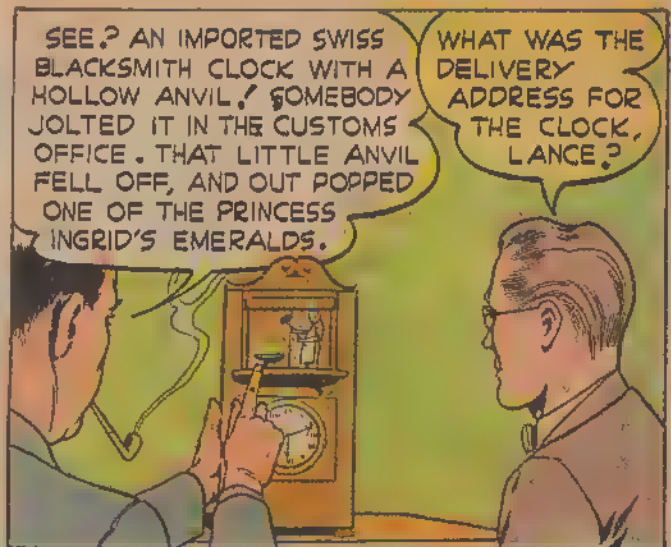
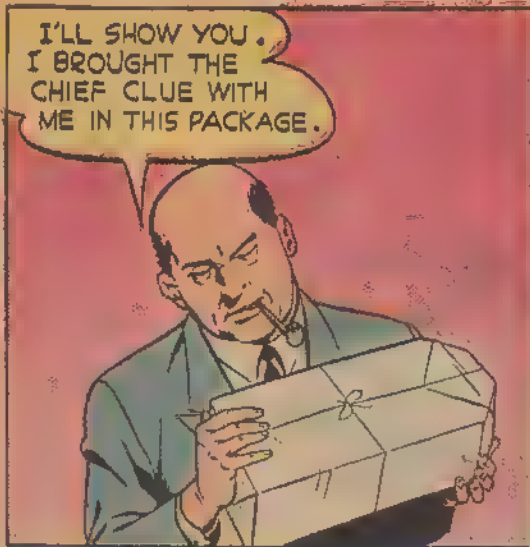


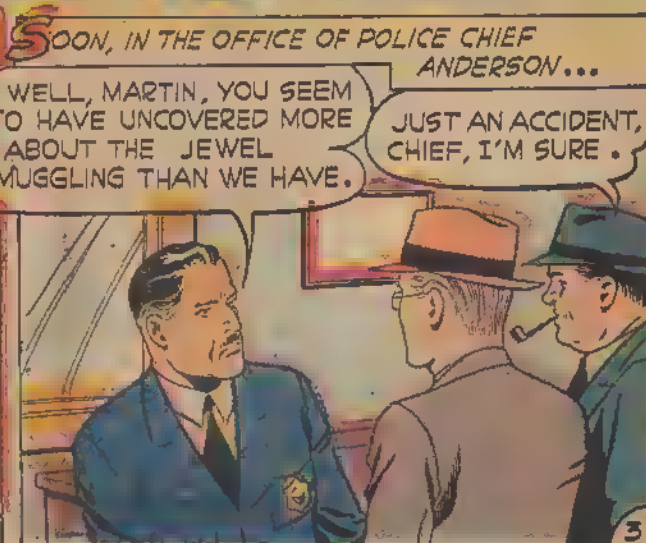
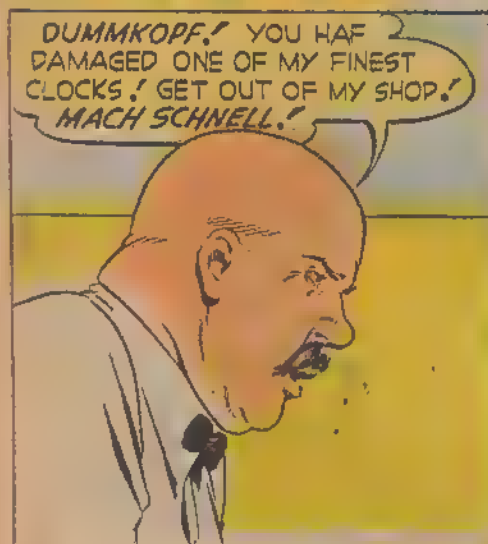
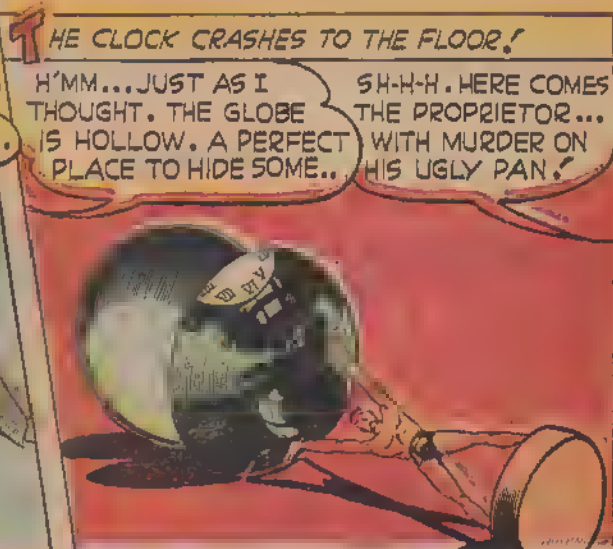
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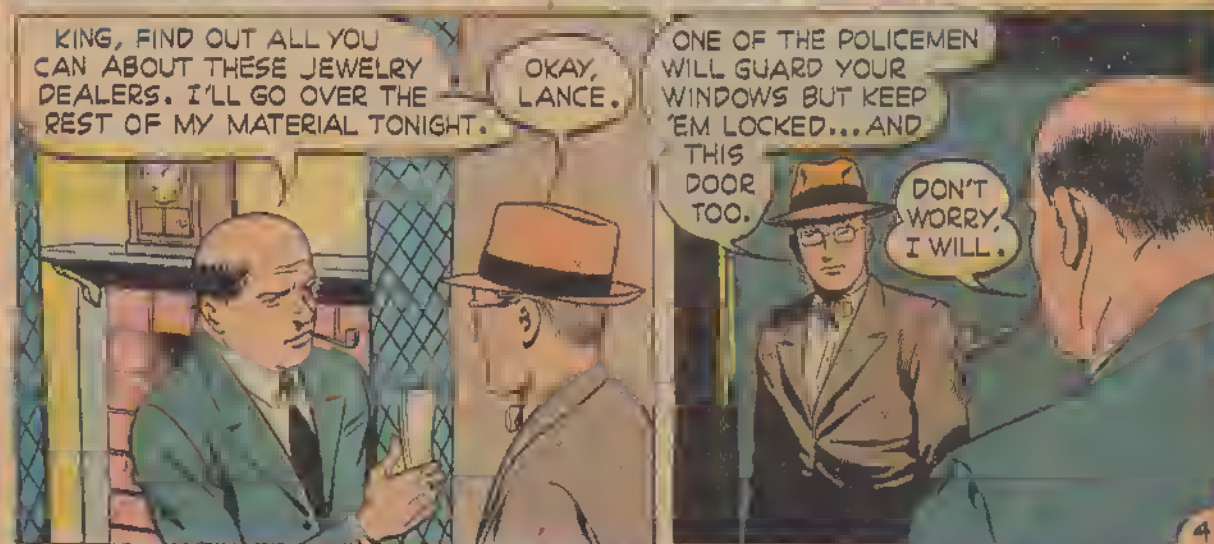
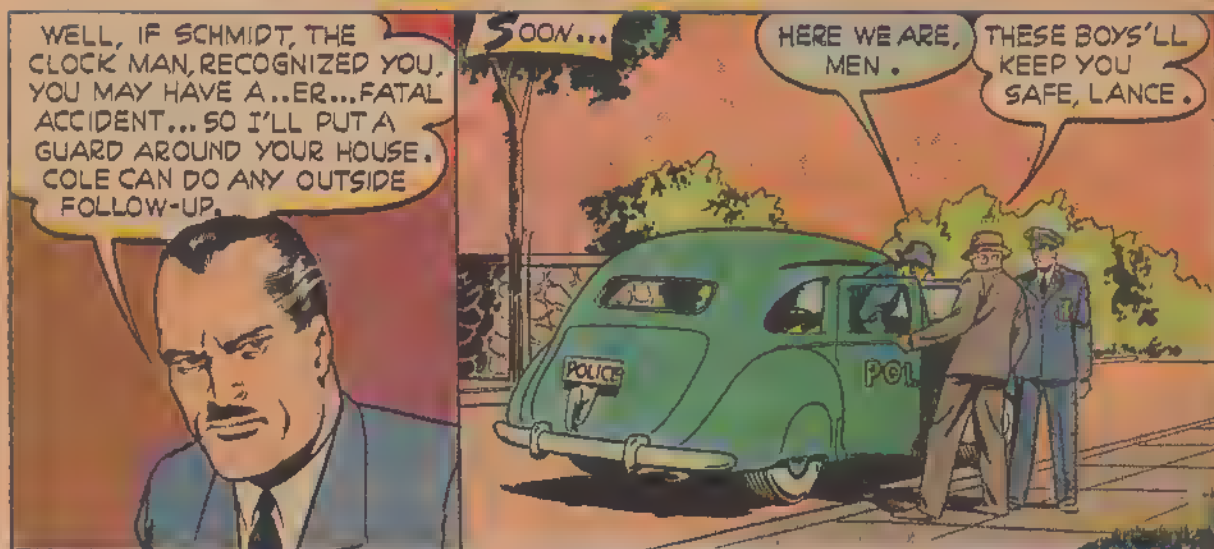


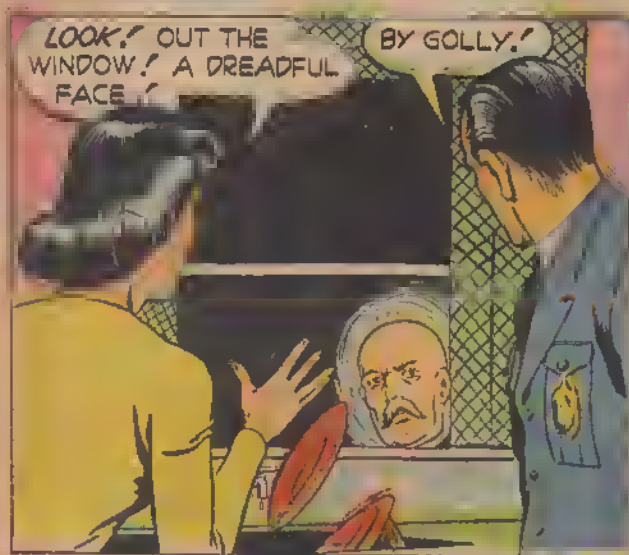
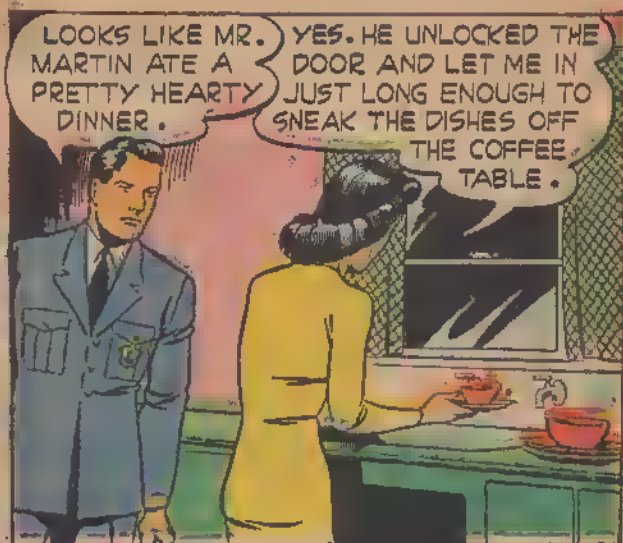
LOOK FOR THIS SEAL

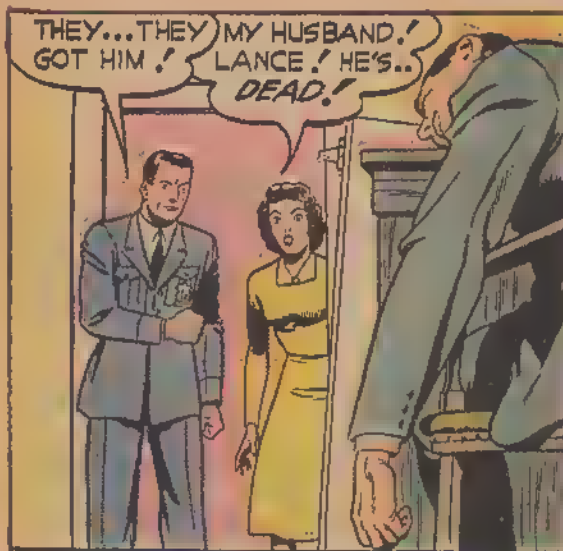








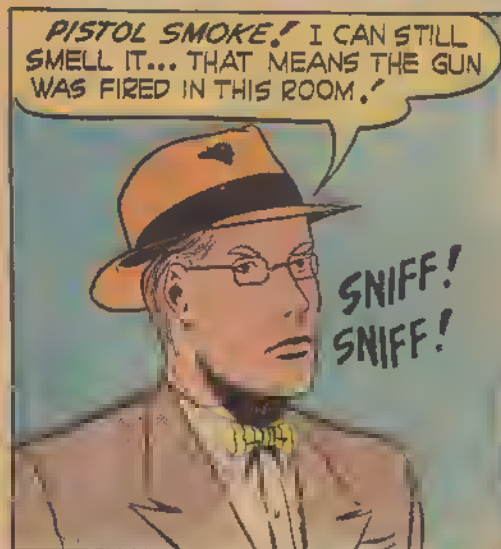




THEY...THEY GOT HIM!
MY HUSBAND! LANCE! HE'S...
DEAD!



KING AND CHIEF ANDERSON SOON ARRIVE.
HE WAS A GOOD MAN AND A FINE DETECTIVE.
I'LL GET THE MAN WHO DID THIS, IF IT'S THE LAST THING I EVER DO!



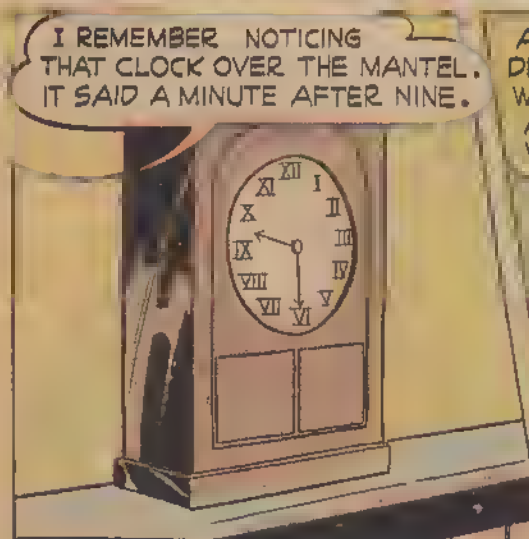
PISTOL SMOKE! I CAN STILL SMELL IT... THAT MEANS THE GUN WAS FIRED IN THIS ROOM!

SNIFF!
SNIFF!



BUT I DON'T SEE HOW IT COULD HAVE BEEN! THE DOOR WAS LOCKED. I HAD TO BREAK IT DOWN. AND THERE WAS NOBODY HERE WHEN I GOT IN!

WHAT TIME WAS IT?



I REMEMBER NOTICING THAT CLOCK OVER THE MANTEL. IT SAID A MINUTE AFTER NINE.



AND THE FACE... THAT DREADFUL FACE AT THE WINDOW... SNOOPING AROUND JUST BEFORE WE HEARD THE SHOT!



YEAH! I SAW IT, TOO. BUT THE GUY HAD GONE WHEN I WENT OUTSIDE!

FACE AT THE WINDOW, EH? WHAT DID IT LOOK LIKE, MRS. MARTIN?

SO UGLY! A HEAVY MUSTACHE... I'M SURE I'VE SEEN IT SOMEWHERE BEFORE!



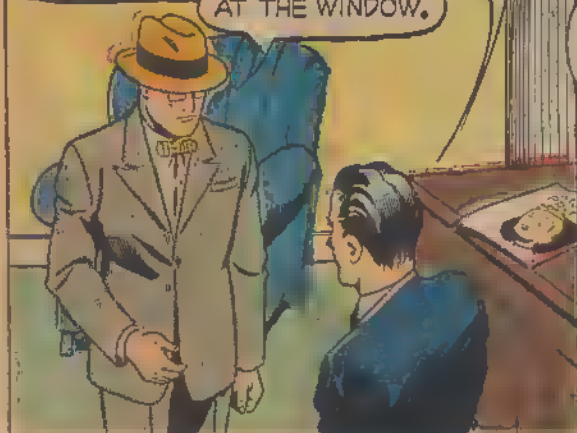
COULD IT HAVE BEEN MR. SCHMIDT, THE PROPRIETOR OF THE STORE WHERE YOU TOOK THAT CLOCK TO BE FIXED?

YES! THAT'S JUST WHO IT WAS!



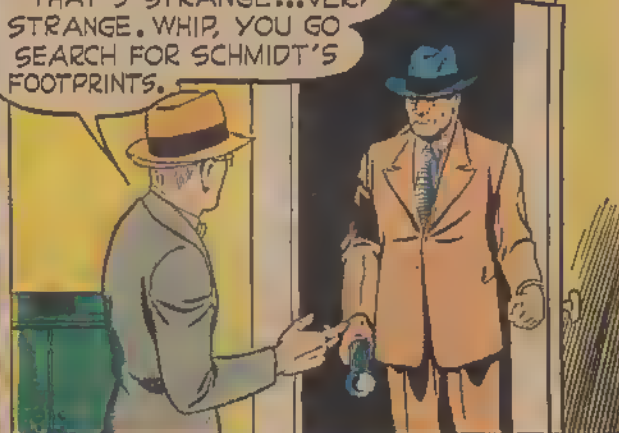
WAS THE BRIGHT TOP LIGHT TURNED ON IN THE KITCHEN WHEN YOU SAW THAT FACE AT THE WINDOW.

WHY, YES. IT WAS.



MEANWHILE, WHIP STEELE, URSUS GRAHAM, AND IRIS NORLAND HAVE ARRIVED.

THAT'S STRANGE... VERY STRANGE. WHIP, YOU GO SEARCH FOR SCHMIDT'S FOOTPRINTS.



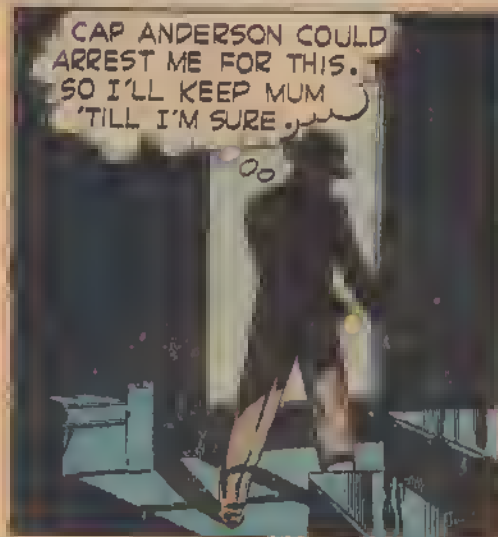
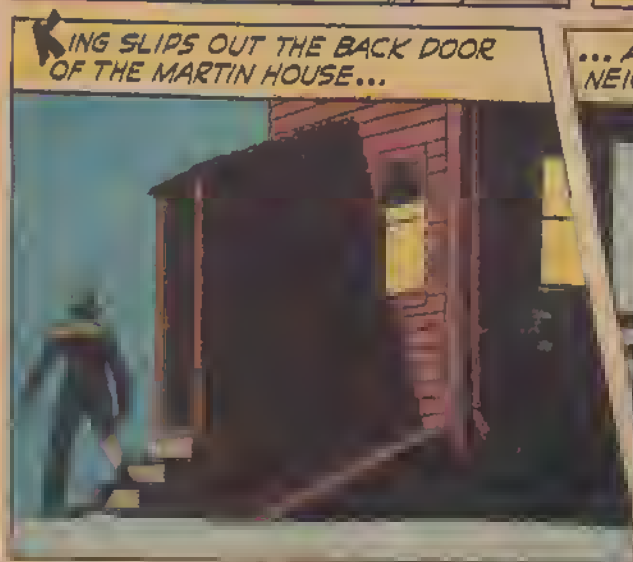
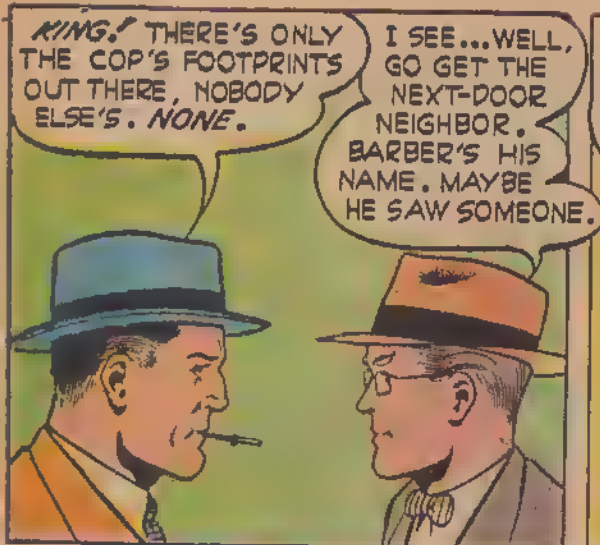
WHIP GOES OUT, AND...

WELL, HERE'S THE KITCHEN WINDOW.



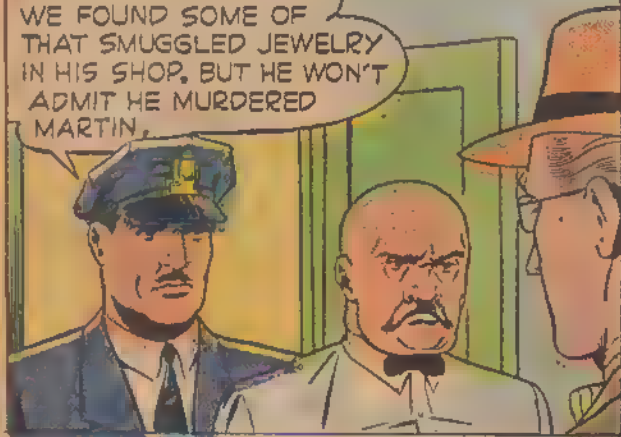
WELL, I'LL BE... ONLY THE COP'S FOOTPRINTS HERE... NO OTHERS!



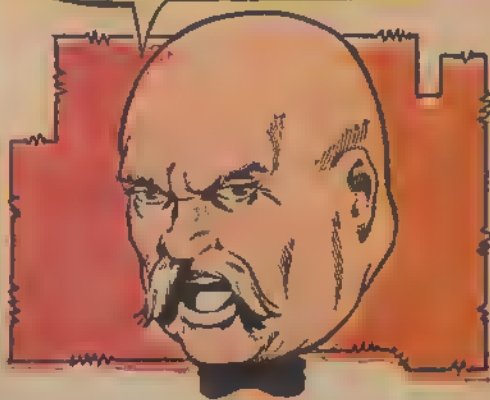


SOON, BACK AT THE MARTIN HOUSE...

WELL, KING,
HERE'S OUR MAN!
WE FOUND SOME OF
THAT SMUGGLED JEWELRY
IN HIS SHOP. BUT HE WON'T
ADMIT HE MURDERED
MARTIN.



IT IS SO. I HAF BEEN IN MY SHOP
ALL EVENING. I HELP THE SMUGGLERS,
YES... BUT MURDER ... *NO!*



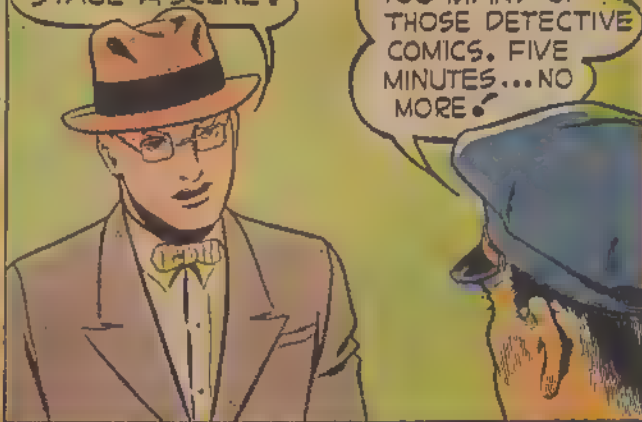
LOOK, CHIEF...
GIVE ME JUST FIVE
MINUTES, IN THE MARTIN
LIVING ROOM.

WHY,
KING?



I'VE GOT JUST A COUPLE
OF BLANKS TO FILL IN,
AND THEN I WANT TO
STAGE A SCENE.

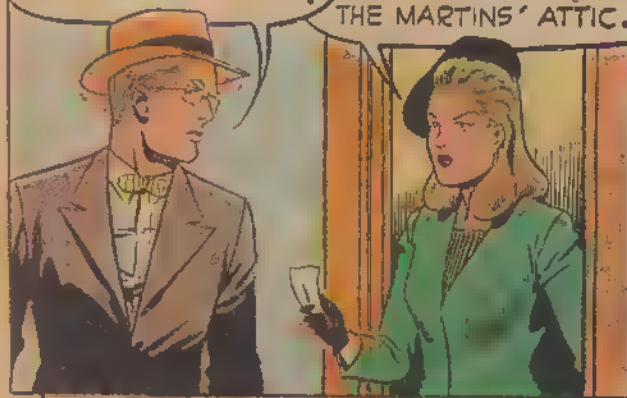
H'M-M. SOUNDS
LIKE YOU'VE
BEEN READING
TOO MANY OF
THOSE DETECTIVE
COMICS. FIVE
MINUTES... NO
MORE.



ABOUT FIVE MINUTES LATER...

IRIS! GOOD
GIRL... DID YOU SEE
THE INSURANCE MEN?

YES, KING. AND
HERE'S AN OLD
PHOTO I FOUND IN
THE MARTINS' ATTIC.



YOUR FIVE
MINUTES ARE
UP, KING.

ALL RIGHT, CHIEF.
TAKE MARTIN'S BODY
OUT OF HERE, AND
BRING EVERYONE IN... AND
I'LL SHOW YOU THE
MURDERER!



LISTEN, EVERYBODY! CHIEF ANDERSON HAS AGREED TO LET ME STAGE A SCENE IN AN EFFORT TO DISCOVER LANCE MARTIN'S MURDERER. I PLAN TO RE-ENACT THE CRIME, JUST AS IT HAPPENED.



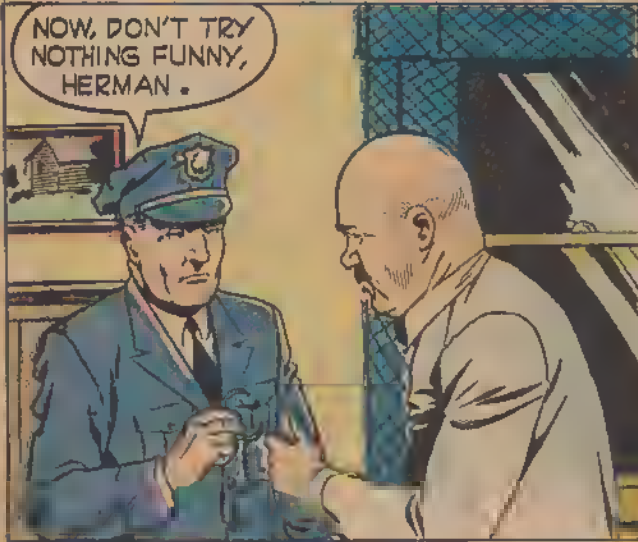
CHIEF, WOULD YOU HAVE THE HANDCUFFS TAKEN OFF MR. SCHMIDT... ER, TEMPORARILY, OF COURSE.!



ALL RIGHT, KINGS.



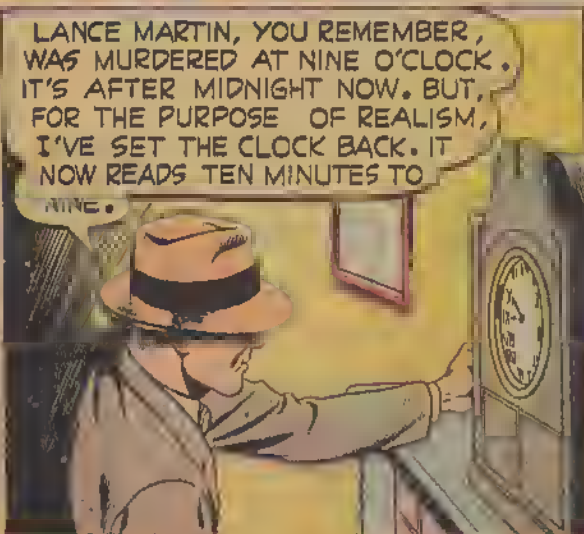
NOW, DON'T TRY NOTHING FUNNY, HERMAN.



FOR SAFETY'S SAKE, EVERYBODY BETTER LINE UP AGAINST THE WALLS. KEEP OUT OF THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM OR YOU MIGHT GET KILLED.

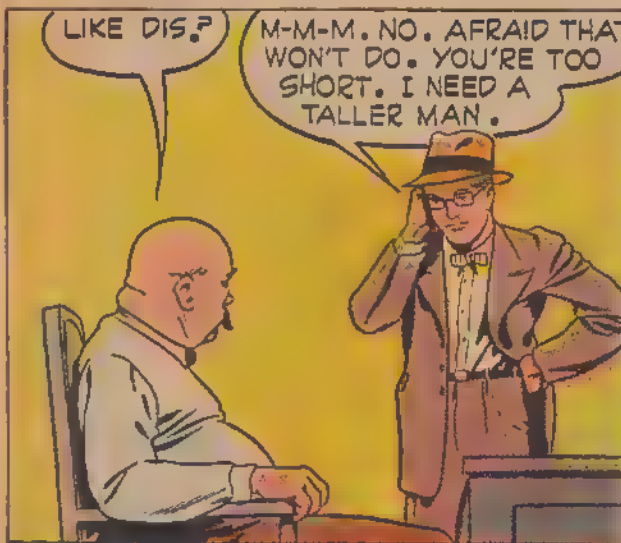


LANCE MARTIN, YOU REMEMBER, WAS MURDERED AT NINE O'CLOCK. IT'S AFTER MIDNIGHT NOW. BUT, FOR THE PURPOSE OF REALISM, I'VE SET THE CLOCK BACK. IT NOW READS TEN MINUTES TO NINE.



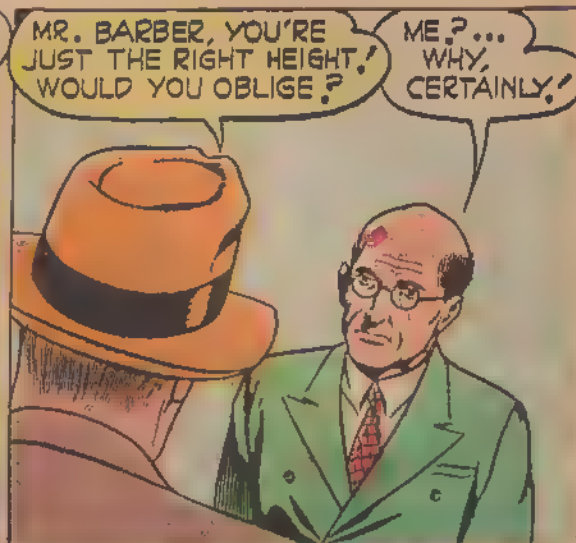
LANCE WAS SITTING IN THIS CHAIR, PLACED JUST AS IT IS NOW, WHEN HE WAS SHOT. MR. SCHMIDT, WOULD YOU SIT HERE A MOMENT, PLEASE.?





LIKE DIS?

M-M-M. NO. AFRAID THAT WON'T DO. YOU'RE TOO SHORT. I NEED A TALLER MAN.

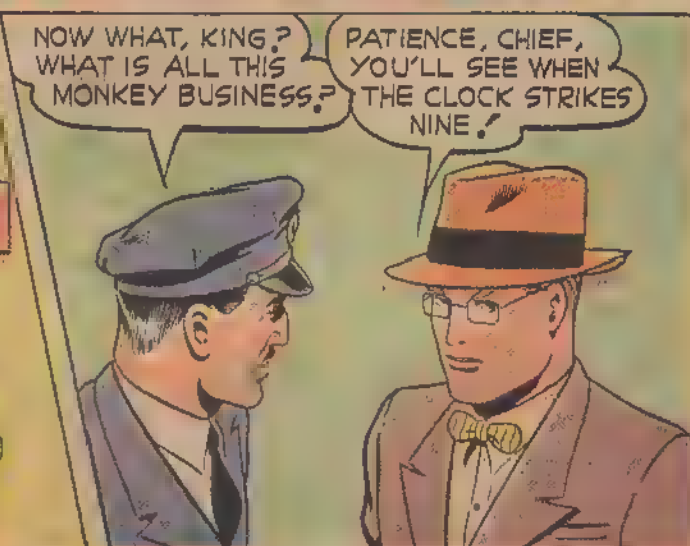


MR. BARBER, YOU'RE JUST THE RIGHT HEIGHT! WOULD YOU OBLIGE?

ME?... WHY, CERTAINLY!

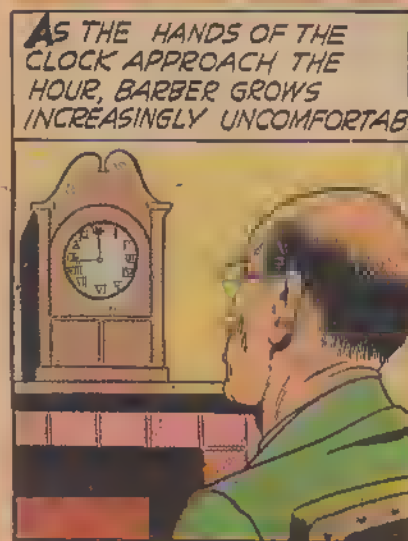


THAT'S RIGHT, MR. BARBER. SIT UP STRAIGHT. YOU'RE JUST ABOUT LANCE MARTIN'S HEIGHT.



NOW WHAT, KING? WHAT IS ALL THIS MONKEY BUSINESS?

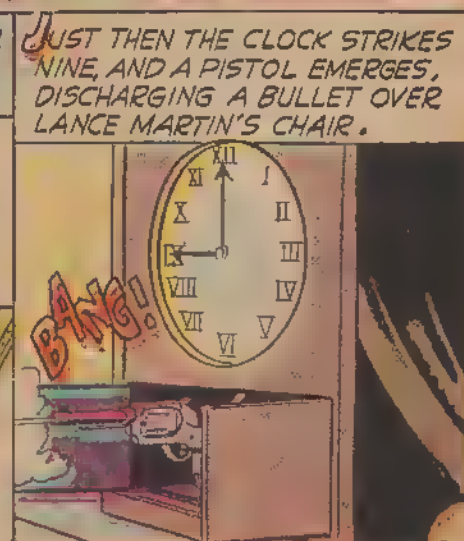
PATIENCE, CHIEF, YOU'LL SEE WHEN THE CLOCK STRIKES NINE!



AS THE HANDS OF THE CLOCK APPROACH THE HOUR, BARBER GROWS INCREASINGLY UNCOMFORTABLE.



FINALLY, HE SPRINGS UP, PULLING A PISTOL FROM HIS POCKET.



JUST THEN THE CLOCK STRIKES NINE, AND A PISTOL EMERGES, DISCHARGING A BULLET OVER LANCE MARTIN'S CHAIR.



THE COP'S fat neck bulged over the collar of his threadbare blue coat. A white half-moon of flesh peered above his left shoe where the sock had worn through.

These things Yanski noted in the split second it took him to size up the policeman, and he knew he had nothing to fear. He shrugged and straightened his shoulders as confidence rose in him. Just another hick flatfoot!

He turned and walked boldly across the street toward a hamburger joint, grinning mirthlessly as he flexed the muscles of his arms and back. Not for nothing was he known as "The Arm." He was also known as Sylvester Yanski, crook, killer, and jail breaker.

The shrill blast of a police whistle froze him in his tracks. Wildly his heart thumped against the hard ugliness of the .38 in its shoulder holster.

He turned and faced the cop. "Something?"

"You're durned right, 'Something.' Ain't you got no more brains than to cross

against a green light? S'pose a car had come by—might have knocked you colder'n a mackerel."

Yanski had all he could do to keep from laughing aloud in relief. So he'd been jaywalking. "Huh?" he said.

"That's all," said the cop. "Just watch your step. Say, ain't I seen you some place before, stranger?" The cop regarded him quizzically for a second.

Yanski's spine tingled. His eyes glared steadily into the cop's. His right arm tensed and started toward his left shoulder, then slowly relaxed and lowered as the flatfoot shrugged. "Guess not, mister. Git along now and mind what I said about crossin' streets."

The tightness was back in Yanski's throat. The fear of the hunted clutched again in his chest. That blasted copper! Even if he was just asking dumb questions, it wasn't safe to stay in this town now.

But he had to stay. Big George would be in tonight to take him west until things cool-

ed off a little; and then, back to Philly and a big time on some of that dough he'd "inherited" from old man Johnson. Of course he'd had to strangle the old bird to get it; and sweat out six months in the clink on account of some fingerprints he'd left on the old geezer's throat. But he had busted out of jail now, and what was six months when you had \$50,000 stashed away.

It was ten in the morning now. Big George would pick him up at four. Six hours to kill. But where? He dared not stay in the village. Then he saw the sign. BATHING BEACH $\frac{1}{2}$ MILE.

He might have slept all day if the kid hadn't kicked sand in his face. A tall, skinny kid with an iron brace on his right leg. A dumb kid trying to lift a 50 pound bar-bell with arms that looked like match sticks.

Yanski glared at the kid. "Whazza hig idea, bub?"

The kid looked scared. "Gee, mister, I'm sorry. This bar-bell is kinda heavy and I must have slipped. I didn't

mean to wake you up, honest."

Yanski lifted himself on his elbows. The kid stared open-mouthed at the knots and coils of sinew on his arms and back. He kicked at the bar-hell with his good leg. "If I had muscles like that I sure could throw these things around! Kin I feel 'em?"

Yanski stretched his arms. "Sure," he said. He was proud of those muscles.

Gingerly the kid felt the smooth rock that was an arm and whistled in admiration. Then his face grew serious.

"Mister," he said, "You're going to get an awful sunburn, if you don't watch out. Better let me put some of this on you." He held out a bottle of anti-sunburn lotion.

Yanski turned on his stomach. "OK, Bub. My back ain't been burned yet. Oughta be time to color it up before I head for town. Gotta date at 4."

It was pleasant lying there feeling the kid's fingers rub the cooling stuff into his shoulders, half listening to his chatter. Yanski dozed off again and when he woke it was 3:30.

"So-long, kid," he said, "Thanks for the rubdown."

Baréfooted, he walked up the sandy road toward the locker rooms, keeping away from the crowds still on the beach.

A car came from the direction of the village, slowed as it neared him, and he drew aside to let it pass.

But it didn't pass. It stopped. Yanski turned—turned and saw the fat face of the traffic cop who had stopped him this morning.

"Goin' somewhere, Yanski?" The cop's voice was quiet but there was ice in his words. And there was the business end of a .45 poked over the door frame straight at Yanski's heart.

Yanski's jaw dropped. Dark hatred and fear blazed in his eyes. Involuntarily his arm darted to his shoulder, hut there was nothing there. Only his bare sun-reddened chest.

"What you tryin' to pull, copper? You can't get away with this. My name ain't Yanski, and I ain't done nothin', see!"

"Yeah?" growled the cop. "You shut up and come with me."

Yanski shambled toward the car and got in.

The car sped down the road; stopped near the beach. The copper prodded Yanski with the .45. "Git movin'."

They walked over the crest of the dunes. This place looked familiar. There was the kid sitting in the sand!

"Great work, Dad. I knew you'd get him!" The kid tot-

tered to his feet and lurched toward the cop.

Yanski whirled, eyes blazing. "What is this? You're both nuts. If you think . . .!"

The kid's blue eyes bored into Yanski. "Mister, I knew who you were the minute I saw you asleep. A kid who's crippled like me knows the records of every strong man there is—even if he's a crook and a killer. I couldn't get the cops myself," he grinned, "so I sent you. That sunburn cream I put on you, I left off in just the right places, so the sun would burn your name on your back. You told me what time you had to be in town, and I knew Dad was due to pick me up a little before that. I figured he'd pass you when you went for your clothes."

The cop chuckled grimly. "Nice goin' son. As soon as I saw that name I knew where I'd seen this bird before. On one of them men-wanted posters they're always tackin' up."

Handcuffed in the rear seat, Yanski rode silently into town. Only one car passed them—a long black limousine. A low unguarded groan burst from Yanski's lips. He looked at his watch—3:59. Big George was right on schedule.

THE END

YOUNG King Cole



DETECTIVE AGENCY,
MASTER MIND



YOUNG KING COLE, A DECEPTIVELY MILD-LOOKING LAD, HAS OFTEN DEMONSTRATED HIS ABILITY TO MATCH WITS ... AND FISTS.. WITH GANGLAND'S CITY SLICKERS, BUT CAN HE COPE WITH THIS BRAWNY BAD MAN OF THE GREAT WEST? READ THE CASE OF THE POLKA DOT BANDIT.

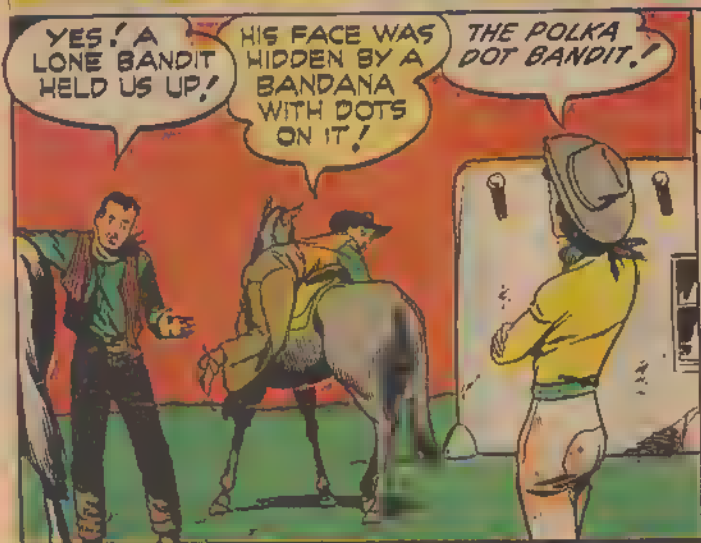
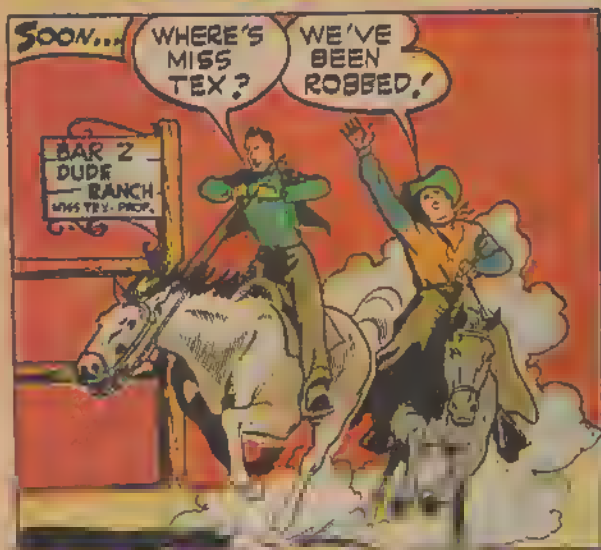
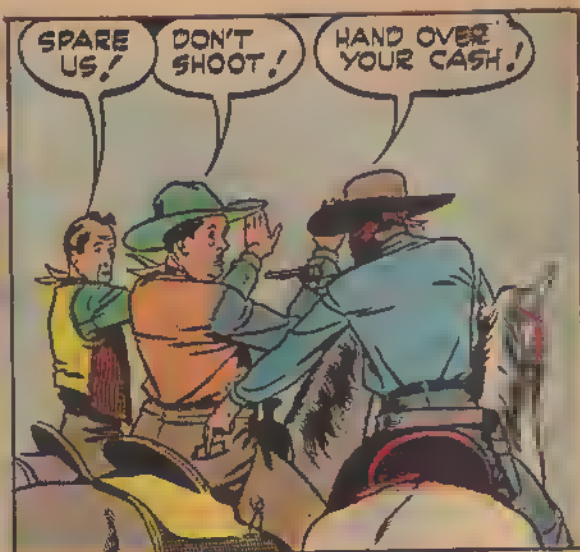
AMG/Hang

THIS DUDE RANCHIN'S GREAT! ALL THE THRILLS—AND COLOR OF THE OLD WEST.

YES, AND WITHOUT THE DANGER.

COUPLE OF DUDES FROM THE BAR-X RANCH GO FOR RIDE.





THE POLKA DOT BANDIT!
THAT SETTLES IT! THAT'S HIS FIFTH ROBBERY IN A MONTH... I'M GOING TO GET THE BEST PRIVATE DETECTIVE IN THE WORLD ON THIS CASE..
YOUNG KING COLE!



LATER, IN NEW YORK...

YOUNG KING COLE... THE GREATEST... WONDER IF HE'LL... OH, HE'S GOT TO TAKE THIS CASE!



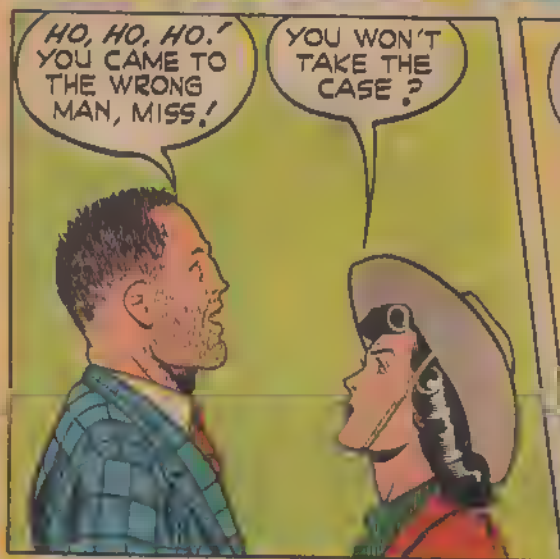
YES, MISS?

OH, MR. COLE, YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME... THE POLKA DOT BANDIT! HE'S...



HO, HO, HO! YOU CAME TO THE WRONG MAN, MISS!

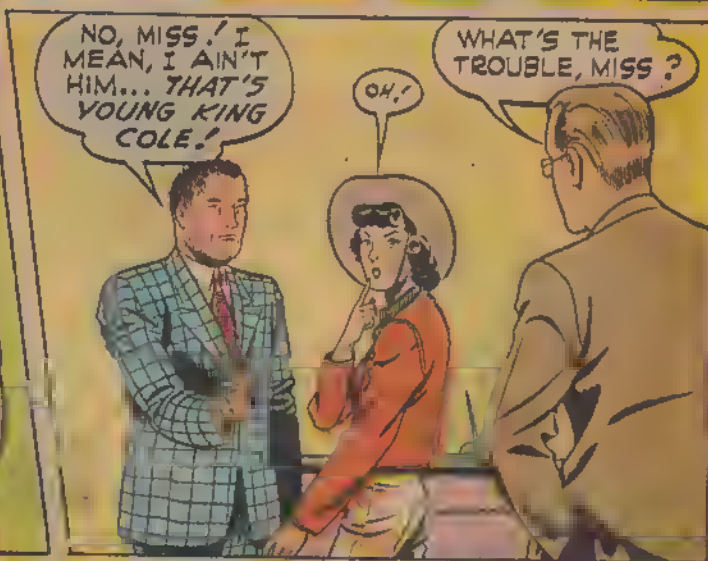
YOU WON'T TAKE THE CASE?



NO, MISS! I MEAN, I AIN'T HIM... THAT'S YOUNG KING COLE!

WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, MISS?

OH!



...AS MISS TEX CONCLUDES HER STORY.

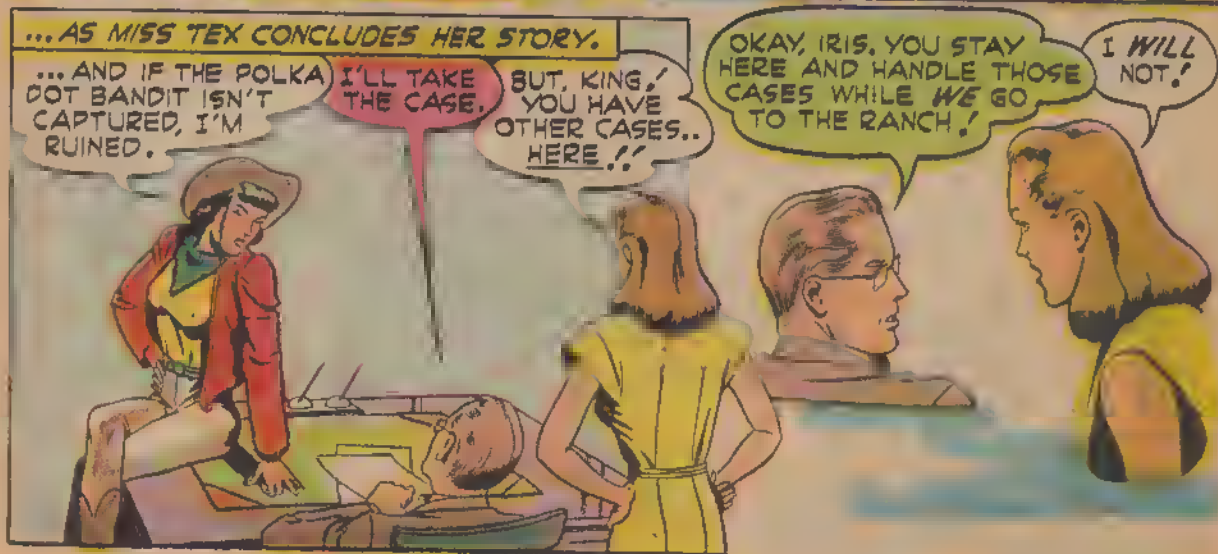
...AND IF THE POLKA DOT BANDIT ISN'T CAPTURED, I'M RUINED.

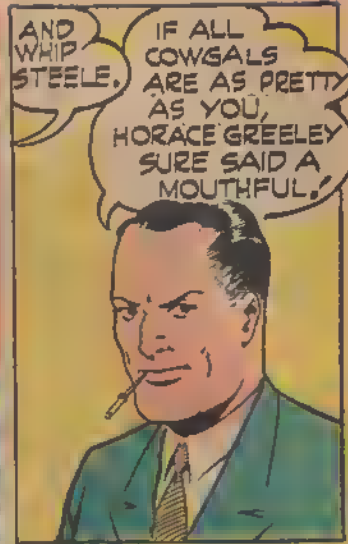
I'LL TAKE THE CASE.

BUT, KING, YOU HAVE OTHER CASES.. HERE..!!

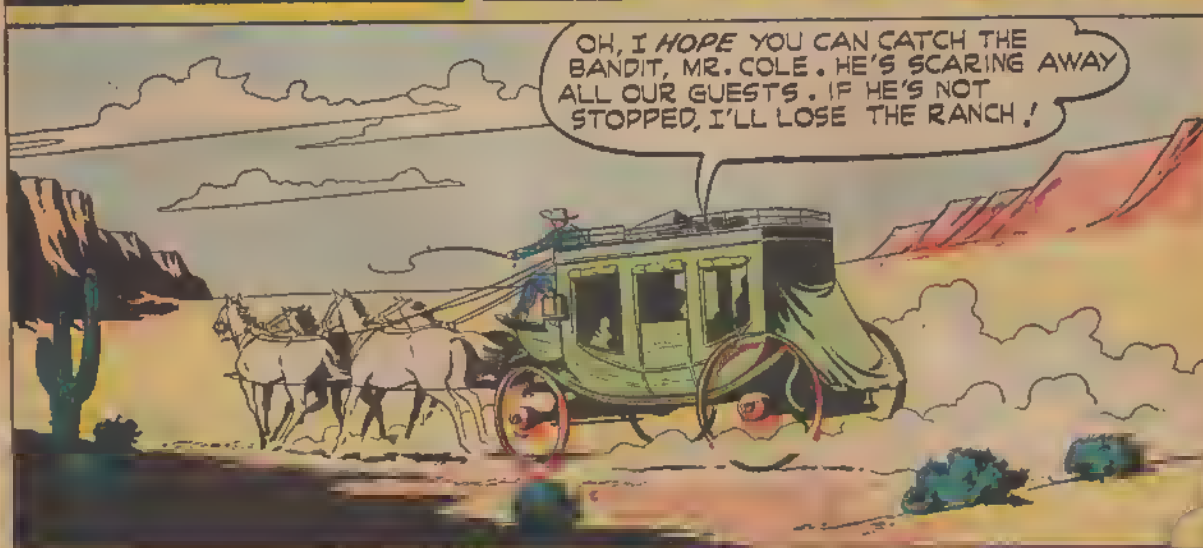
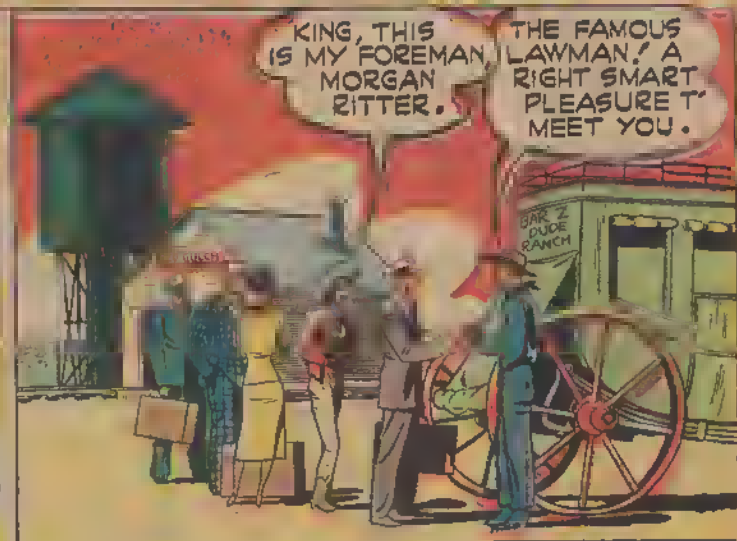
OKAY, IRIS, YOU STAY HERE AND HANDLE THOSE CASES WHILE WE GO TO THE RANCH!

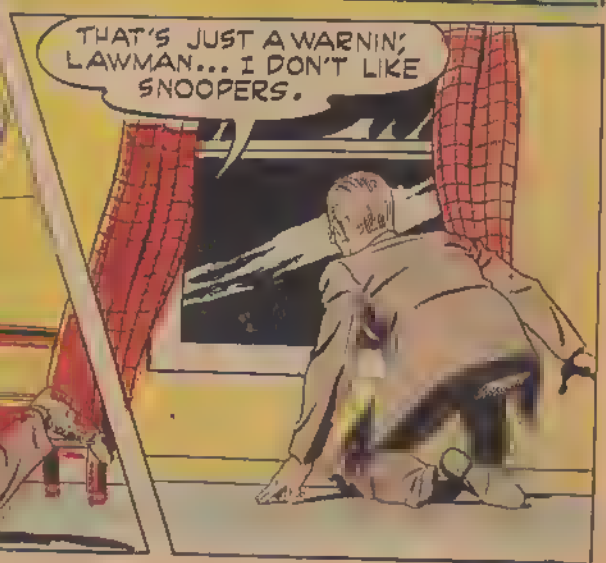
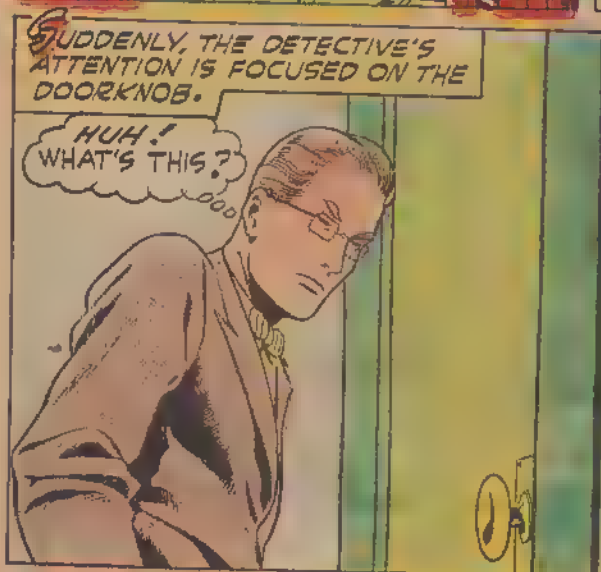
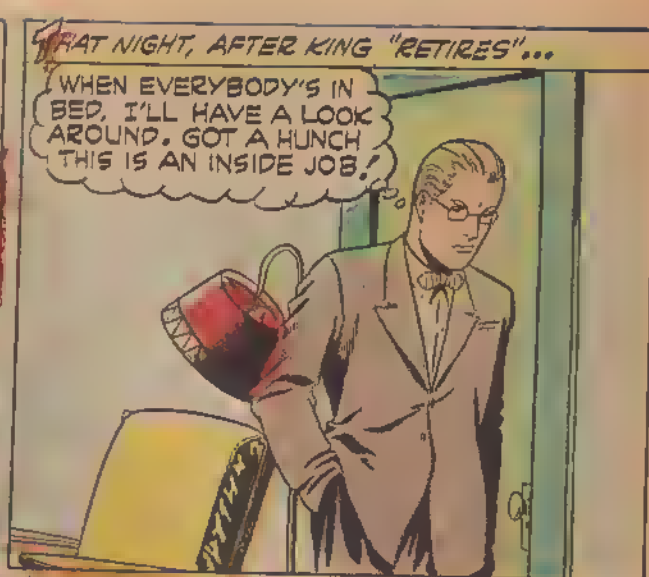
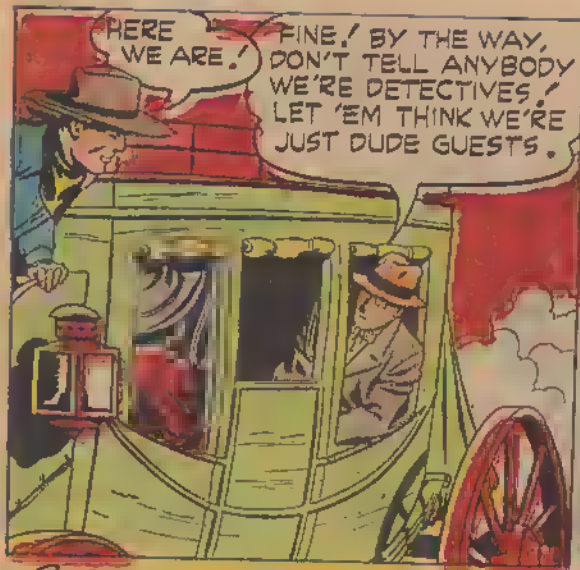
I WILL NOT!

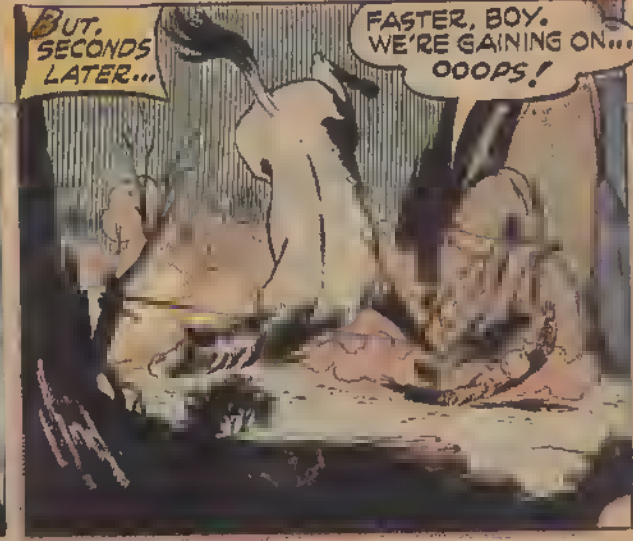
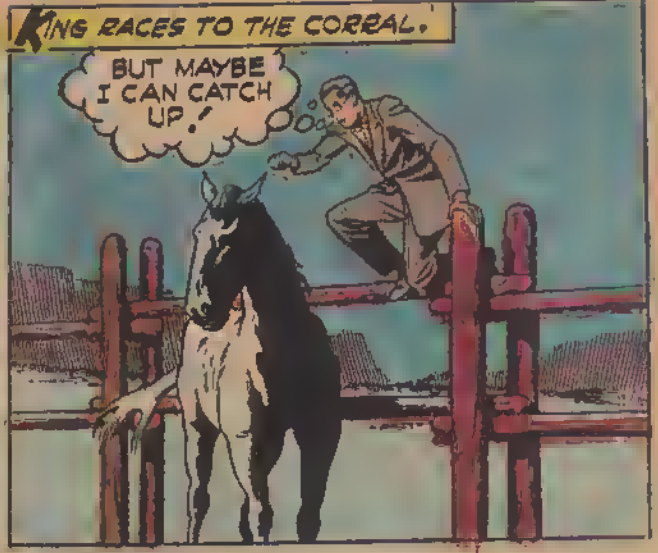




ROARING ACROSS THE PLAINS, A STREAMLINER SWIFTLY CARRIES YOUNG KING COLE AND HIS PARTY TO THE LITTLE FLAG STOP OF RED GULCH.





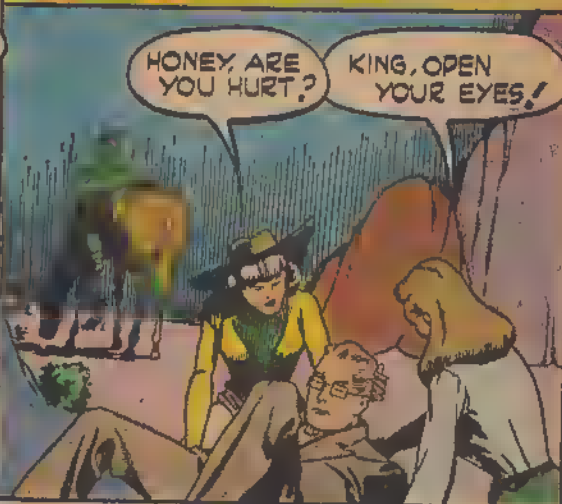




HAH! THE BOOBY TRAP WORKED. NOW, I'LL GO FINISH OFF THAT SNOOPER!

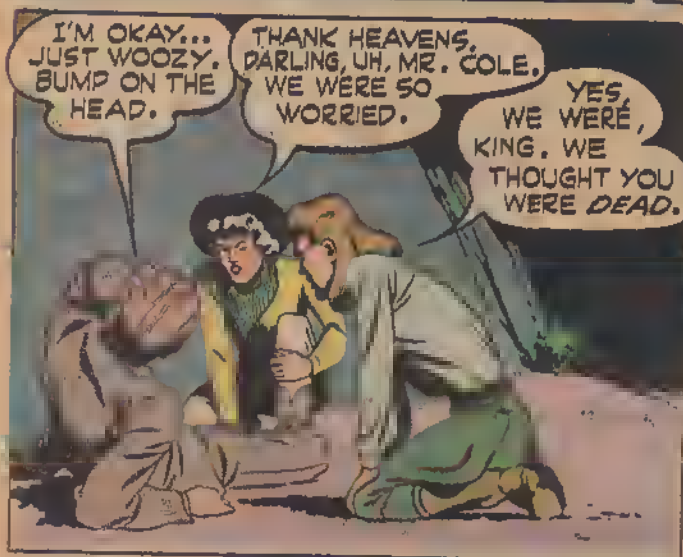
THUD!

BUT BEFORE THE BANDIT CAN GET BACK..



HONEY, ARE YOU HURT?

KING, OPEN YOUR EYES!



I'M OKAY... JUST WOOLY. BUMP ON THE HEAD.

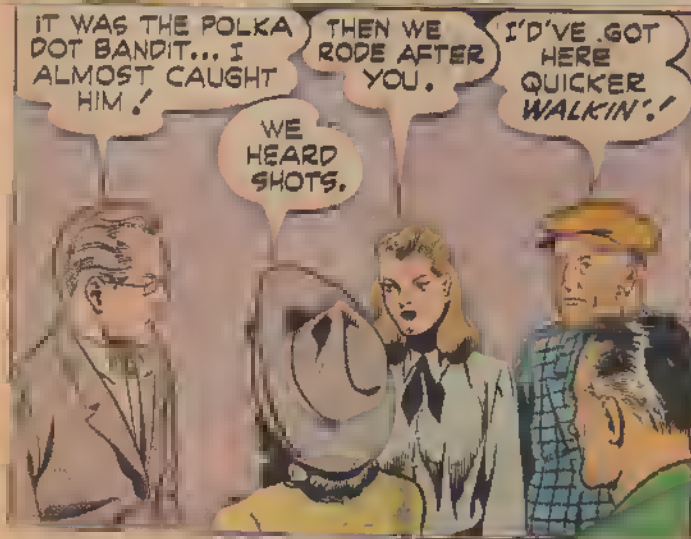
THANK HEAVENS, DARLING, UH, MR. COLE. WE WERE SO WORRIED.

YES, WE WERE, KING. WE THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD.



HERE, CHIEF... BUMP MY HEAD, SEE IF THEY HONEY AND DARLING ME!

WHY' (PUFF) HAPPENED?



IT WAS THE POLKA DOT BANDIT... I ALMOST CAUGHT HIM!

THEN WE RODE AFTER YOU.

I'D'VE GOT HERE QUICKER WALKIN'!

WE HEARD SHOTS.



MUST BE AN INSIDE JOB. THE BANDIT KNEW WHAT ROOM I WAS IN... EVEN KNEW I WAS A DETECTIVE. PROBABLY ONE OF YOUR EMPLOYEES.

I'M SURE MY HIRED HANDS AREN'T GUILTY.

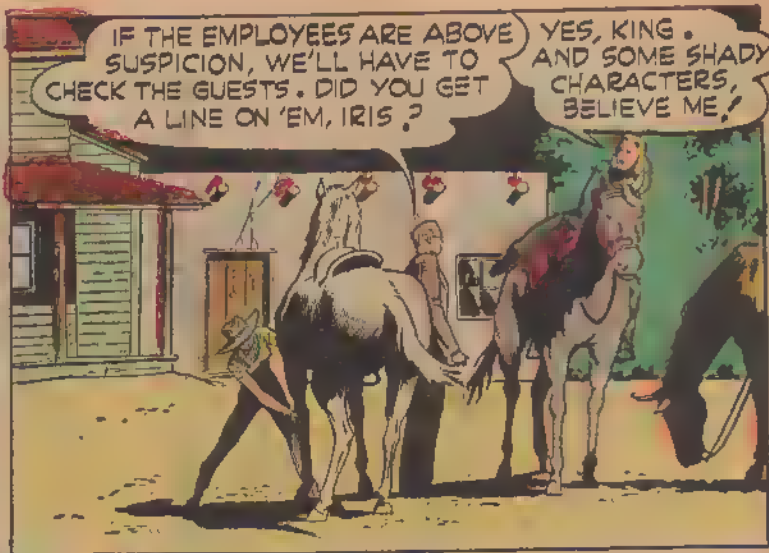
HMPH!

WHY, THEY WERE WITH MY LATE PAPA FOR YEARS. I'D TRUST 'EM ALL WITH MY LIFE.



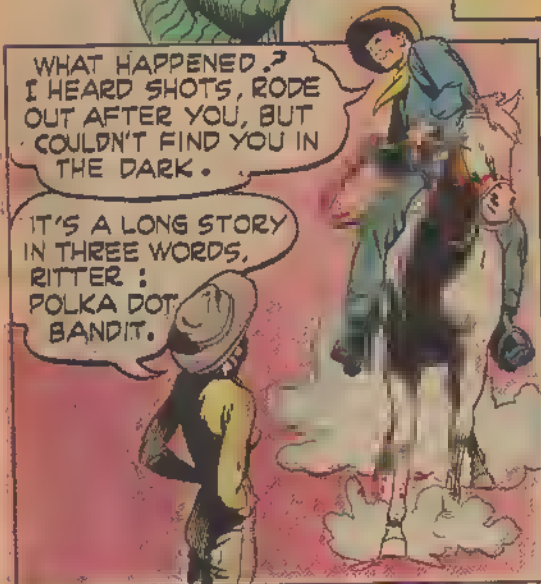
IF THE EMPLOYEES ARE ABOVE SUSPICION, WE'LL HAVE TO CHECK THE GUESTS. DID YOU GET A LINE ON 'EM, IRIS?

YES, KING. AND SOME SHADY CHARACTERS, BELIEVE ME!



WHAT HAPPENED? I HEARD SHOTS, RODE OUT AFTER YOU, BUT COULDN'T FIND YOU IN THE DARK.

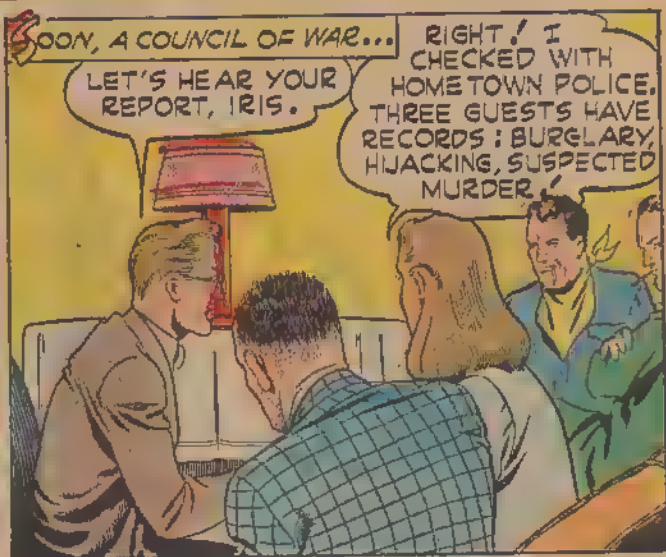
IT'S A LONG STORY IN THREE WORDS. RITTER: POLKA DOT BANDIT.



SOON, A COUNCIL OF WAR...

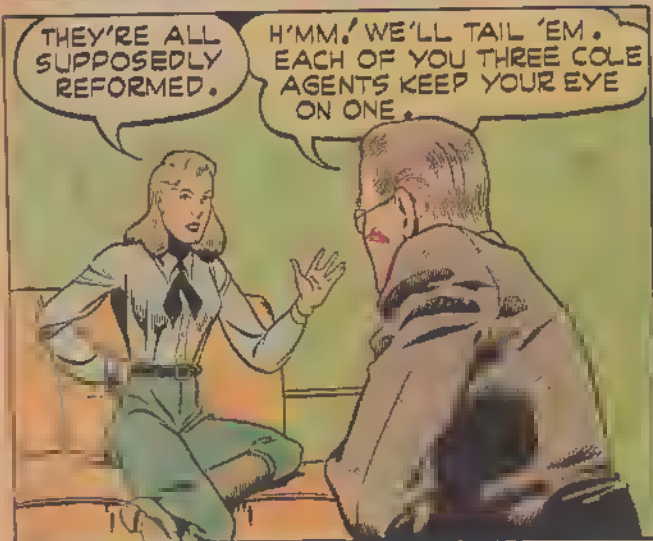
LET'S HEAR YOUR REPORT, IRIS.

RIGHT! I CHECKED WITH HOMETOWN POLICE. THREE GUESTS HAVE RECORDS: BURGLARY, HIJACKING, SUSPECTED MURDER.

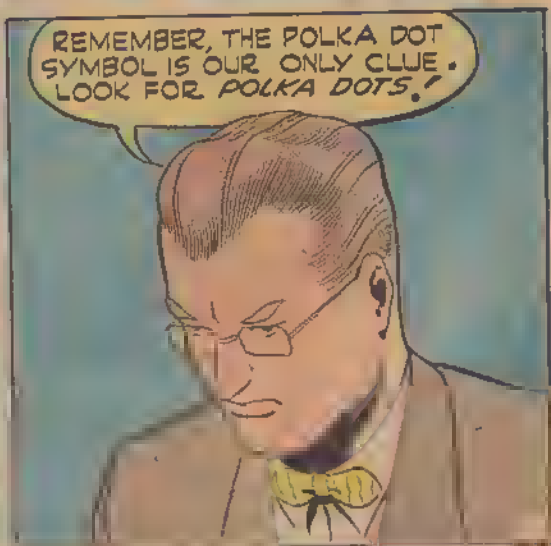


THEY'RE ALL SUPPOSEDLY REFORMED.

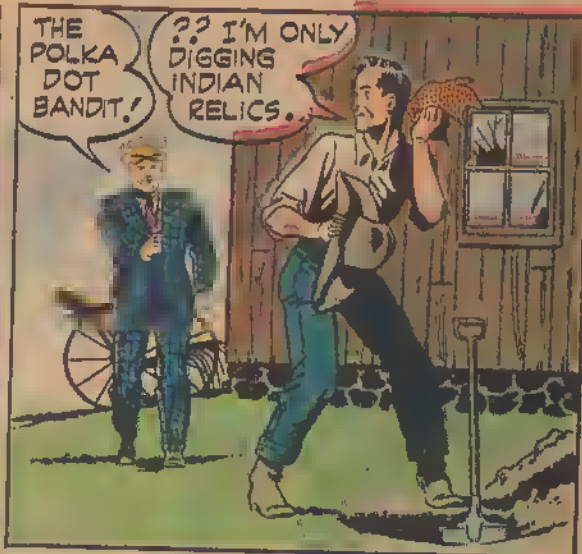
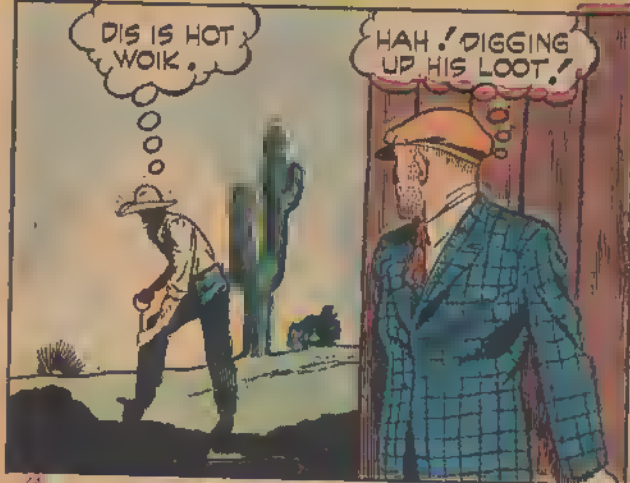
H'MM! WE'LL TAIL 'EM. EACH OF YOU THREE COLE AGENTS KEEP YOUR EYE ON ONE.



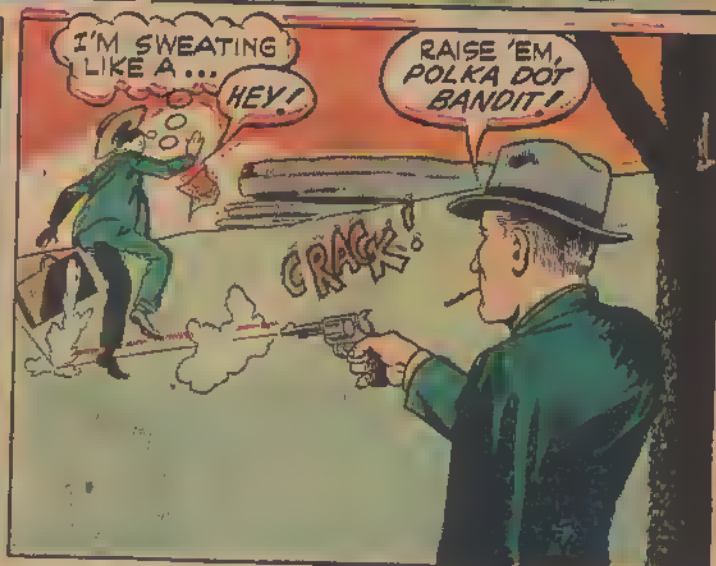
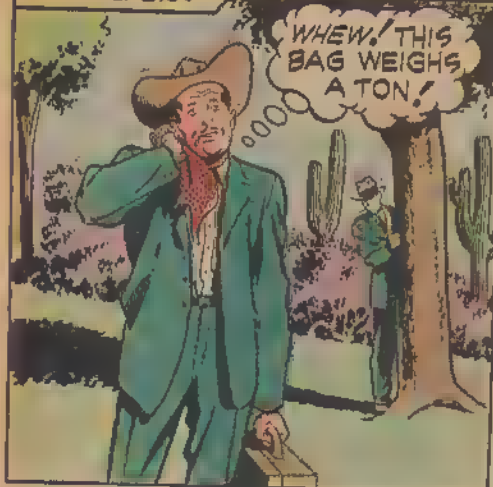
REMEMBER, THE POLKA DOT SYMBOL IS OUR ONLY CLUE. LOOK FOR POLKA DOTS!



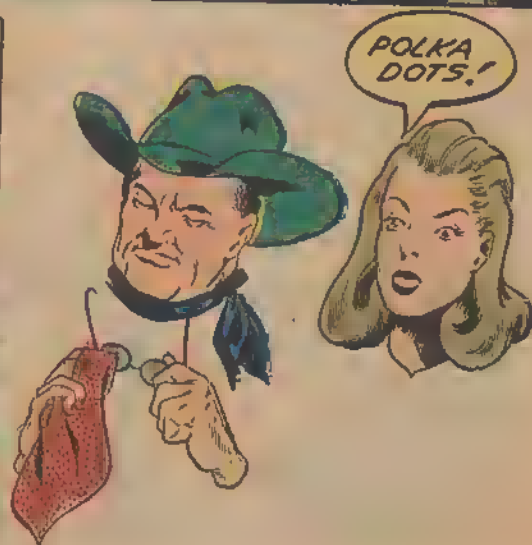
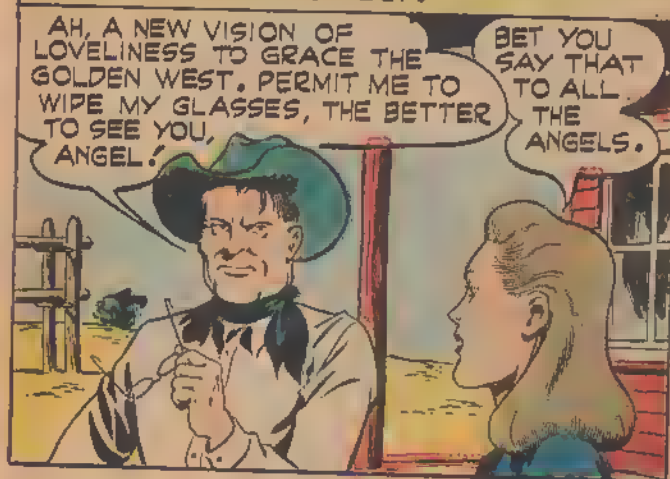
NEXT DAY, URSUS IS ON THE JOB TAILING SOUPY, THE EX-BURGLAR.



AND WHIP TAILS HI, THE FORMER HIJACKER.

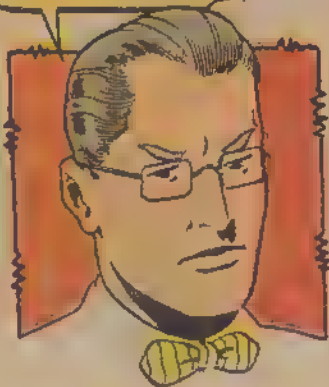


AND IRIS KEEPS AN EYE ON MR. DADE, MURDER SUSPECT.

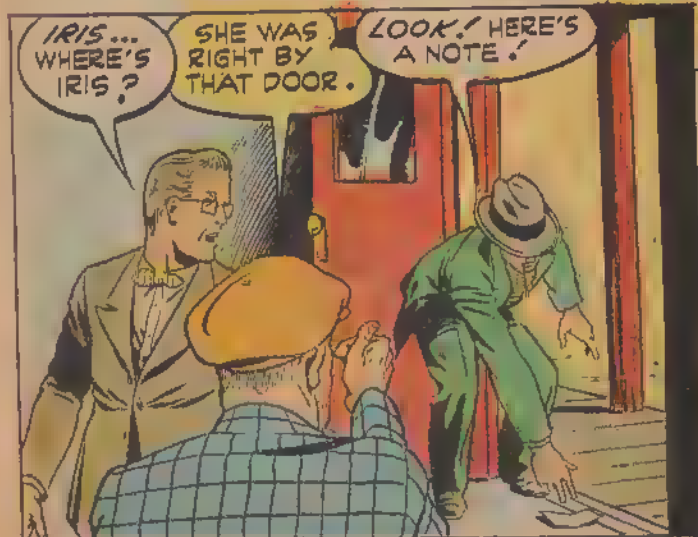
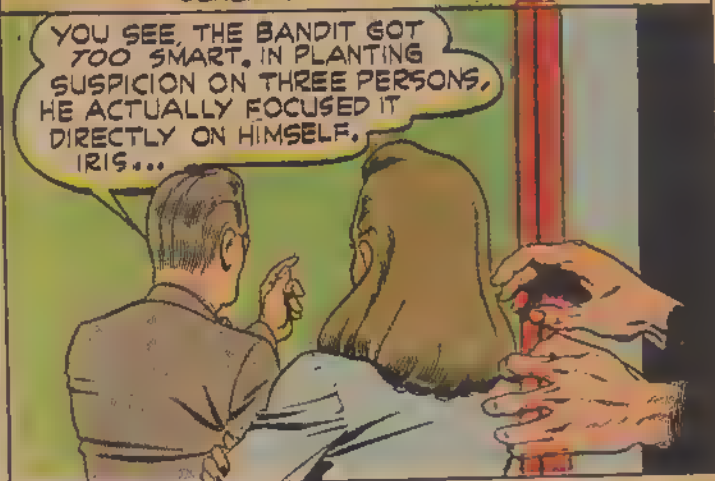




LET THESE GENTLEMEN GO. THEY WERE FRAMED. AND NOW I KNOW WHO THE REAL POLKA DOT BANDIT IS!



KING'S WORDS BRING GASPS OF ASTONISHMENT, GENERAL CONFUSION.



YOUNG KING COLE'S HEART LEAPS TO HIS THROAT AS HE READS...

